ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,

AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

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ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON,

AT ANN ARBOR, MI.

He's gone! the glorious spirit fled!
And left the mighty dead
Its mouldering ashes not bound'd and o'er,
And lonely lies the mighty dead.
Upon a lea and rocky shore,
Not e'en the harp of Bolton's stream,
Forever hangs his tuneful lyre,
And he, who all his days did dream,
Quenchless like a meteor's fire!

So sleeps the proud, the young, the brave!
Of all beneath the cerulean sun,
Of all who've dwelt—a dungeon grave,
To him, the bold, remain alone.
No, Genius, even thine is something to regret
Upon the course of the longest
Which pour'd, but late, the loftiest stream
That e'er roll'd song!

Yet, weeping on his early doom,
Methinks for him no tears should be,
Above whose bed of rest shall bloom
The amaranth of eternity.
Ah, he! whose glory gilds his sleep,
Have shed the heart its last regret?
Has any fame left it to weep,
His praises wake regret.

His memory, in the souls of Greece
Shall be a sacred monument;
And, if fate rule of trouble-tense,
His spirit walk her silent shore.
Then, first to which his step wake in sighs,
Shall still mean whispering of his name;
And homely rocks and mountains rise—
His monuments.

"My back is yet upon the shore,"
And thine is launched upon the sea—
Return and gather his dust and explore—
O! Philomène en route!
Perchance, it some far future hand,
Wipe not away—but mingle and dwell
E'en, icon of the mortal strand,
Immortal, him thee well!

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

THE INCONSTANT.

A TALE—BY J. W. MIDGLEY.

Our tale is a sad one. It were well could we only add to its length—it were well could we finish the further scenes that rest upon the picture. It commenced with bright and cheering hues—the close, and the miseries attendant upon them, unseductive of delight. We can gaze with pleasure on the smooth and even brow of a peaceful life, on the daring and successful flight of ambition in triumphing, and even on the struggle of duty, bearing it crowned with victory, and the diabolical but delicate plans of a conspirator create not the less interest. But the picture of a heart condemned to be unattended with victory, or the conspiracies of passion, and the struggles of duty, in pictures which are felt in their personal is lost, and our minds remain unsatisfied. We blame the painter who has chosen such unfavorable themes for his art, and lament that he had not a brighter fancy to portray more delightful scenes. But let us hear it, reader, how often is the novelist called upon to perform the unpleasant duty of narrating melancholy circumstances, and of unravelling sad and painful emotions. I know, however, are not without their attractions. They are a true portrait of human life as it is greater or less degree possess; and we will not attend the moral they would teach us, we will but attend the mood in which they are written

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Baltimore Farmer and Gardener.

We have not seen the article in the Farmer Register, alluded to in the following paragraph, but as the subject is one of much importance, we think much injury to the silk culture, would be prevented, by the publication of the whole article. The following mulberry leaves to feed worms in preference, is a decided improvement on the old system.

"Mr. Editor—Perceiving in your last number, that you have not been favored with the communication of Mr. Thomas Jones, of Powhatan county, Va. on the subject of feeding silk worms, I have taken the liberty to send you a copy, for publication, if you think proper. I am induced to do this, from the belief that the information contained in it, will be found highly interesting to many of your readers, and especially to those who have been disappointed in the result of their efforts to raise silk worms, from the eggs, by feeding them on the mulberry leaves, which are usually selected for that purpose. I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, JOHN S. SKINNER."

"Powhatan, Va. March 1, 1829.

"Dear Sir—I have seen in the Farmer Register, a request that I would communicate my method of feeding silk worms, which I have found to be successful. I have been engaged in the culture of silk for several years, and have had my worms destroyed by feeding on the mulberry leaves, when they were in every other respect healthy and promising. I have found that the worms will not feed on the leaves with dew on them, and that they will not feed in the morning, when the dew is on the leaves, until the sun has dried it off. I have found that they will not feed on the leaves when they are wet with rain, and that they will not feed on the leaves when they are covered with frost. I have found that they will not feed on the leaves when they are heated, and that they will not feed on the leaves when they are cold. I have found that they will not feed on the leaves when they are dusty. I have found that they will not feed on the leaves when they are wet with dew. I have found that they will not feed on the leaves when they are heated. I have found

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS

Corrected with care expressly for the Evening Post and Chronicle Morning.

APRIL 11, 1870.

Loans.	Bidding	Asking	Bidding	Asking	Remarks.
Penna.	108	108	103	103	
Penna. 6	1845	105	103	103	
Penna. 5	1847	105	103	103	1st July & Jan.
Penna. 5	1858	105	96	98	
Penna. 5	1859	105	96	98	
Penna. 5	1865	105	96	98	
Penna. 5	1867	105	96	98	
Penna. 5	1870	105	96	98	
County.		102		103	
		1841	100	—	93	
		1841	100	—	93	
		1841	100	—	93	
		1859	105	100	102	
		1859	105	100	102	
		1859	105	100	102	
Pennsylvania		1854	105	100	102	4th yearly
Pennsylvania 5 per cts.		1854	105	100	102	1st May & 1st Nov.
		1854	105	100	102	
		1854	105	100	102	
		1854	105	100	102	
		1854	105	100	102	
Penna. 6 per cents.		1870

Variously was the web of words woven.
What advice it all led to nobody knows.

As a specimen of what common sense for which Keiler, a Swiss physician, was so much celebrated by his contemporaries, and of which the world has not entirely lost sight, we quote the following from Keiler's "Ship of Fools," a work which was frequently copied, we quote it in the form in which it appeared in the English version of Sebastian Brant's "Ulrike," a specimen of folly not to which it is flattered, but which is among the best translations of Pope's "Magazine."

THE SOUP.

"Come, neighbor, do not mind me pressing;
Fill! to end on!
Here's quite a treat!
For once like this it's rather blessing!"
"Thanks! I don't mind if I should eat it a-delightful,
But I have dined."
"Hey, don't be spiteful!"
"Upon my word, gossiper by,
The less that come from you or eat,
I could not tender."
"Pshaw! is there more in spoiled? for you don't get such
Rare soup as this, I think, every day.
Eat made from flesh! Oxen and sheep!
"Well, since you will not take the cup—
Since I must taste, why e'en so be't."
Comes, has a delight to the sense!
Say, is it not delicious food?"
Best! Does it not your palate suit?
Is it not rich enough, I pray?"
"Its smallness I don't deprive.
But—"
"Hang your buts, and eat away!"
Then pressed the host, while the poor guest,
He's importunity dismayed,
Was forced in order with his request,
And just contrived his plate to empty.
"Another spoonful! you must not spare me."
On this, observing from his seat,
The guest at once made his retreat.

Women, to you, my tale's addressed,
Who wish an excellent name are blessed;
Yet stand with her small discretion.
Would fount the public to reproach!
Force down their dreams, look after book,
Consuming them till they fairly choke;
And of your pores, or see or no,
Insist on giving it another example!

A Good Hint.—A Phrenologist at the New is finding a young lady he was examining possessed of the bump of hoarding, and thinking, therefore, made overtures of marriage, which were accepted forthwith—the best bump he ever found.

Necessity of Repetition.—"I remember," said the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'Dear, could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' Why," said she, "did I not tell you the first time?"

An Undertaker's Definition.—When I furnish a coffin—attend the funeral with a hearse—deposit the body in my tomb, and never get any thing for so doing, that's what I call a clear stone.—*Pyne, Courier.*

Life is Gentleman.—Somebody has manufactured the following. He gets up himself by, breakfasts comfortably, reads the paper regularly, dresses reasonably, lunches heartily, obviously, eats tarts gravely, talks insipidly, dines considerably, drinks superficially, hates time industriously, sups sluggishly, goes to bed stupidly, and lives uselessly.

Never own your tailor, your shoemaker, your blacksmith, your merchant or your lobster; and keep as square with the printer and your Maker as circumstances will permit.

Cats, walking along the street, was struck violently by a fellow carrying a great stone, who immediately afterward turned him to take care. "Do you carry any thing else then," said he, "beside your clothes?"

Keep Your Countenance.—A good lady in Boston had in her employment a man from the country. On certain occasions, when a fashionable company who might ring at the door, that Mr. — was not at home. One day John made this reply to an intimate friend of the lady, who went away leaving a card and promising to call again. In the card was handed to Mr. —, she said, "John, what did you say to the lady?"

"I told her you was not at home."

"Well, John, I hope you did not laugh."

"Oh no," said John, "I never laughs when I tell a lie."

"Are you glad or not going?" said the clerk of a newspaper to a printer the other day. "And sure one," said Pat, "what are you put there for but to be glad or sad?"

When the celebrated John Horne Tooke was about to be tried in England for high treason, the following lines were written concerning certain tools place between himself and counsel:

"My dear Erskine,
I think I shall plead my own cause."
Under the above Mr. Erskine replied,
"If you do you'll be hanged by the laws."
To which Horne Tooke finally replied,
"Then I'll be hanged if I do."

Man's greatest bliss is an amiable and devoted wife; and a woman's greatest misery is an ugly, drunken husband. So says an exchange.

Paradise.—When we reflect that every mother has children of surpassing genius, it is a matter of curiosity where all the fellows that come from who grow our path in every day of life.

Cicero observed to a degenerate patrician, I are the first of my family, but you are the last of yours; and since his time those, who vaiue themselves merely on their ancestry, have been compared to potatoes, all that is good of them is under the ground.

Anecdote.—A captain of a vessel, loading coal, went into his merchant's counting room and requested the loan of a knife. The merchant looking toward his clerk, replied, "I have a number of them, but none, I believe, who will be so hardly for the calls."

Sentiment.—What is called sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the head, and to the principles of a head one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of a very tame intellect—if I know, from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, had a son in debt, an accomplice of his extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A deed no was more important to him than a living mother.

Easkine gave a very finely illustration of the text. "I own a struggle," when he said of a place where he had slept very ill, that the floor, the bed, the furniture were the only things that he had not been disturbed.

A good idea.—In Connecticut they find use for almost every thing. An old lady in that State is now employed in the political papers in her family to make soap of. She says they are a "decent sight better than tallow—they are more a good, as clear fat."

There is a lumberman, seller-like bluntness, he will be hearty and truth, in the following brief sentences from a letter of Webster's Neesh—is but a rough pebble, without the attrition reason of long intercourse with the genteel sex; it is wonderful how the Indies possess a man down into their sentiments—makes one cry when he ever and over with the rest of his species, jostling, but not wounding his neighbors, as the waves of circumstances bring him into collision with them."

"Here we meet no more to part," as the office-holders say when the dog comes to the end of his chain.

"Come into the moonlight sea," as was sung by Mr. Braithwait, crossing the Atlantic. Dedicated to Mr. Price.

Said a purchaser to a horse dealer, "is that animal sure-footed?" "Perfectly," replied the jockey, "when he puts his feet down you would think he never was going to take it up again."

Medical Counsel.—Sir Henry Halford prescribed ice-cream to some old Dowager who complained of her stomach. "Oh! Sir Henry," she said, "it is too cold." "My stomach won't bear it." "Then my lady," answered the obliging Baronet, "you may have your ice warmed."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

A Pertinent Question.—I should like much to know, since Greek and Roman, French and Italian, have all agreed in representing modern under the form of a woman, why a learned woman is always to be made the subject of such ridicule? It is only in morals that we can indulge to see a female endowed with knowledge.—*Ketcher's Life.*

MOUSSELINE-DE-LAINE.

The Glasgow Constitutional says.—"The mousseline-de-laine was first introduced into this country about three years ago. The fabric consisted wholly of wool, within the results of which this name is given. It is sheer, however, the transparency of all cloths in which it is used, consisting of cotton and wool, or a substitute for the latter, as in the present case. And as the manufacturing got into a great number of hands, the quality was soon reduced. Many now in the shops of any one who can command a price of a common dress, and the consequence is that the article imported from France, on account of a heavy duty, and therefore not selected, sold at very extravagant prices; but now that the duty has been lost with us, an active opposition from the French manufacturers has taken place, and the softer evinces out of the market. France has not only the taste, but the command of the finest wool goods in the world, and had our Gaelic not been destroyed by the introduction of the Merino sheep, we, for a long time, and for the finest of these goods, have considered it needless to import from France. Our Highland sheep are the best for the purpose, and the Cheviot next; but the latter is not engaged to this use, and the former have been met with as an active opposition from the Merino as the Cheviot from other sources out of the market. France has not only the finest wool, but the finest silk